Two Haunted Houses

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Two Haunted Houses

by Nicestofthedamned

Summary

Across the way from the murder house occupied by The Lecter-Graham a seasonal attraction had opened. Abigail wants to take a job at the haunted house, but Hannibal isn't so sure.

Notes

The Murder Family has taken off together. In this world, Abigail was revealed to Will earlier than in the show and he made the choice to leave with them.

For the second night in a row, the Lecter-Graham family had their evening disturbed by sirens, screams, and chainsaws. The old market that had been open when they moved in had been turned into a haunted house attraction. Hannibal looked out the window at the eyesore across the way. It was still early in the haunt season. They were going to have this to deal with for two months.

"Dad, I'm going to go over and get an application, alright?" Abigail said.

"I'm not sure if that is a good idea, Abby. Places like that make it too easy for someone to get hurt, and everyone would think it's part of the haunt. That reminds me, if you'll excuse me, I need to check on dinner."

"Your Dad is right, Abby. Besides, you know if you need or want anything, you only need to ask," Will pitched in.

"I know, I just thought it would be fun to scare people. They don't know the real scare is next door to the haunted house," Abigail said with a mischievous smile.

"After dinner, you and I can go shopping for some decorations to put up and work on how we're going to send the trick or treaters screaming away from here on Halloween night," Will suggested.

"Ok, that sounds alright," Abigail moaned and slumped down next to Will on the sofa.

She leaned in and whispered to Will. "Do you really think it's unsafe?"

Will shook his head no and said, "yes, Abby, I do." and gave her a wide grin.

"Do you need anything while we're out, Hanni?" Will asked.

"No," Hannibal answered and took Will's face in his hands. They kissed, and Will smashed himself forward into Hannibal's body.

"Gross!" Abigail shrieked.

The two of them left and headed for town. The radio played some football game that neither of them was listening to. Will looked straight at the road ahead, and Abigail played a game on her phone.

"Are you that disappointed in Dad not wanting you working next door?" Will questioned, breaking the silence.

"Dads, you mean, your official stance was no too, Dad!" she replied.

"Fair enough, Abby. If it means that much to you, I'll talk to him. "

"Thanks, it does. It sounds like it would be so much fun," Abby tells him. They pull into the strip mall by their house and see the rows of pumpkins lined up along the store's windows. Abigail took a shopping cart from the cart corral next to their parking spot, and Will got one too. They were loading up.

Abigail led him to the Halloween section, and soon they were surrounded by plastic bats, fog machines, masks, face paint, and inflatable monsters. Abigail loaded her cart with black and orange lights, wooden tombstones for the yard, fake spider's webbing, and a fog machine. Will looked over the inflatables, but his eyes were drawn to the fun-size chocolates at the end of the aisle. He pushed his cart closer, tossed in a mixed chocolate bag, and turned the corner to look for more candy. He got a round plastic container of candy corn and candy pumpkins.

"Dad will flip when he sees that candy," Abigail said, upon seeing Will's enormous Halloween candy pile.

"Well, we won't let him see it. Grab that orange tote, I'll put our candy in my work shed."

Abigail shook her head and got the tote, and they checked out. They sat in the parking lot, and they waited for about fifteen seconds before they tore into the mixed bag of chocolates and tore into their peanut butter chocolate pumpkins like they were the last supper. Once they put a dent in the bag, they pulled back, and Abigail's eyes grew wide.

"He's going to smell it on us, and if you kiss him? We're screwed," Abigail whined.

"He's never told us that we can't. I'll tell him that we got some candy," Will shrugged.

"If it's no big deal, why did you buy so much that you needed a tote to hide it in?" Abigail said, raising an eyebrow at her Dad.

Will sighed and blinked rapidly before asking Abigail, "Do you have any gum?"

Abigail opened her purse and pulled out a bag, and she gasped when she realized that she had pulled out the wrong thing. She went to toss it back into her purse, but Will caught her wrist and pulled it back, revealing her bag full of gummy bears.

"Oh, so you have a stash of candy already," Will laughed.

Abigail blushed and turned away from Will. Will was confused; why did she care if he knew that she had gummy bear candy? He looked a little closer at the packaging, and he found out why. In silver letters, it said *Indica/20mg ea.*

"You have pot gummies?" Will asked in surprise. "Where? How?"

"I got them from a friend," Abigail answered.

"You know I can't in good conscious ignore this and let you have these, right?" Will said softly.

"I know," Abby whined.

"When you're older, I have no problem with you doing that. Right now, though, your mind is still developing, changing. You don't need anything to stand in your way. "

The two of them packed the candy into the tote and then drove back home. Will carried the tote to his work shed, and Abigail distracted Hannibal by showing him all of their decorations.

"Where is your Dad?" Hannibal asked, cocking his head to the side and looking at Abigail.

"I'm right here, Hanni. I put some of the stuff out in the shed since we won't be putting it up tonight.," Will explained.

"I'm going to read and go to sleep. Goodnight," Abigail announced and gave each of her fathers a hug and a kiss. Will took a seat on the sofa, and Hannibal joined him. Will nuzzled in closer, and Hannibal put an arm around him.

"Would it be so dangerous for her to work at the haunted house?" Will asked while rubbing slow circles over Hannibal's chest through his shirt. Will moved his fingers up and unbuttoned three buttons. This gave himself access to the soft hair covering Hannibal's chest. Hannibal rubbed his fingers along Will's side.

"I don't know. It worries me how Abigail might react to being in a situation that brings up her experiences with her father and Nicholas Boyle. I don't know if she has considered how traumatic it might be."

"That's true. Abigail is a smart young lady though, I'm sure that she has considered that. Maybe acting out horror and violence in a safe place like the haunted house would be good for her too."

"I've thought about that as well. "

Will noticed how thirsty he had become all of a sudden. When he stood, and the living room spun slowly with him, he realized that the gummy bears that he had confiscated from Abigail were kicking in.

"I'm just going to get some water, do you want any?" Will asked, his voice slow and his southern drawl coming through strong. Hannibal smiled and shook his head no. Will nodded and went to the kitchen. He came back into the living room, gripping his glass of water with both hands. Hannibal watched him take slow, steady steps in, being overly cautious about spilling his water. He hadn't even put that much in his glass; it was barely on the half-full side.

He put the pieces together to conclude that his Will was high. When he was high, he would get a nearly unquenchable thirst, and everything about him would sort of slow down. Hannibal decided to not say a word. He would let Will tell him, or not, it didn't matter. He did, however, look forward to one of the advantages of Will being high. Will didn't just thirst for water when he was high; he had an insatiable need for Hannibal.

"Why don't we go up to bed, my darling?" Hannibal said, taking the glass from Will. Will nodded and thanked him for taking his drink.

"I'm so thirsty, Hannibal," Will whispered, following in his footsteps and going up the stairs.

"it's a good thing we have water then, isn't it?" Hannibal teased.

"It really is," Will whispered. Once they were on the other side of their bedroom door, Hannibal locked them in and climbed onto the bed in his dress pants and half-buttoned shirt. Will crawled up and moved.

Hannibal's legs open and rested his face on Hannibal's stomach.

"Skin, I want skin," Will hissed, and hurridly unbuttoned the rest of Hannibal's shirt buttons and helped him out of it. Will purred and rubbed circles over Hannibal's chest and then laid at his side. His cheek to Hannibal's chest. One hand went under his back, and the other rubbed across Hannibal's chest and stomach.

"You feel, so good," Will moaned and moved between Hannibal's legs to straddle his crotch, and then he leaned in and ran his lips across Hannibal's. Hannibal kissed him, he thrust his hot tongue into Will's mouth and sucked out his moan with a hard kiss. Will started to rock his hips and roll over Hannibal's cock. "It's so hard too."

Will fumbled with Hannibal's belt and zipper and rushed to get him out of his pants and boxers. The dark tip of Hannibal's hard cock bobbed out, and Will caught it with his tongue. He spat down onto Hannibal's dick and let the spit coat it. Will let out a growl and pressed his wet mouth over the glans and down over the shaft, bobbing his head up and down over Hannibal's swollen cock. The sound of his wet mouth moving about on his cock made Hannibal throb even harder. He looked down into Will's eyes and saw how aroused his husband was. Hannibal wrapped his fingers in Will's hair and stroked his scalp with his fingertips.

Hannibal reached for Will's hands, and his husband reached up and took his hands in his. Their fingers were entwined, and Will boobed furiously over Hannibal's slick cock and murmured words of love and adoration between swallows of spit overflow and rough sucking. His praise went straight to Hannibal's cock, and he felt himself leak into Will's mouth. Will tasted it and slowly pulled back.

"You can't get ready to come yet, Hanni," Will purred.

"I can't help it, love."

Will smiled and ran his fingers slowly over Hannibal's balls; he lifted them and rolled them back and forth in his hands. He pulled the sensitive skin into his mouth and held it there. Drool pooled up and ran down. Will swallowed obscenely and moved to the other side and laved over that one as well.

Will curled up between Hannibal's legs and stroked his cock into his mouth. He sucked hard on the glans and pulled the shaft up and down, pushing more in with each upstroke. The

full head of Hannibal's cock smacked into the back of Will's throat, but he didn't hold back his chokes or gasps. He knew how much Hannibal loved the sound of him being overwhelmed by his cock, but unwilling to stop.

Hannibal's eyes rolled back into his head, and he called out Will's name over and over. Will nosed down from Hannibal's cock and balls to press his cheeks open. Hannibal panted, overheated by Will's willingness to please him. He hissed in pleasure at the sensation of Will's plush lips grazing over his hole. He felt the cold platinum of Will's wedding band rubbing against his cock while Will squeezed and jerked his dick and kissed his tender hole.

Hannibal cried out, and his body shook when Will pushed his tongue in, opening him. His toes curled and flexed, and Will lapped at his ass hungrily and moaned. Will pet his balls and lifted them to run his fingertips beneath them. He teased the sensitive skin and pushed his tongue in and out, fucking into Hannibal's ass with it and stroking him slowly.

Will broke away from Hannibal and stood to the side of the bed. Hannibal's dark lust-filled eyes drank in the sight of Will undressing for him. When Will turned to bend and remove his pants, he revealed his butt plug to Hannibal. Will climbed back onto the bed and put his ass over Hannibal's face. He looked around and panted to him, asking him to remove it. Hannibal purred and slid the plug slowly from Will's ass. The wet sound that filled the room upon its removal was lewd and made both of their cocks twitch.

Will turned over just in time to see Hannibal pushing the plug into his mouth like a gag and sucking Will's taste from it. He climbed over Hannibal and lowered himself onto his husband's cock. Will moaned in pleasure at the feeling of Hannibal's warm cock filling him. Hannibal groaned around the plug, and his eyes dropped to half-mast in his arousal. He lifted his hips and bounced Will on his cock. Will's hard dick slapped on his stomach and bobbed from the motion of being fucked into by Hannibal. Will pulled himself up and off Hannibal's cock and stroked him against his own hard cock.

Will looked into Hannibal's black eyes and coaxed him to come for him, to come on his cock. He jerked him quicker and slapped the tip of his cock against Will's until Hannibal growled and erupted all over Will's cock. Will watched as the come covered his cock; Will was soaring. He felt as if he could come just from seeing and feeling Hannibal's come.

Will straddled over Hannibal's chest and rubbed his cockhead against Hannibal's lips. Hannibal opened and removed the plug to obediently suck Will's come covered cock into his

mouth. Will slowly fucked into Hannibal's mouth. Hannibal threw his arms up to wrap around Will's body, smothering himself in Will's cock and thighs. Will brought Hannibal's hand to his mouth and sucked onto the heel of Hannibal's hand as he shook and came inside of him.

Will rolled off of Hannibal and crawled in to wrap himself around him. Hannibal lifted an arm, to let Will in to snuggle against his chest, and stroked his thigh with the other hand.

"Abigail wants to scare people," Will says, carefully rolling the words out of his mouth.

"Is this why you took me to bed, Will?" Hannibal asked.

"You took me to bed."

Hannibal looked down at Will with adoration pouring over him.

So Will at least remembered that this was not his own idea. He had been considering Abigail working at the haunted house. If he pushed back on too many activities, she would start hiding them. It could possibly end up being a good experience for her. He didn't want Will to think that he had persuaded him in the bedroom, though. Will started to breathe louder and heavier as he fell asleep against Hannibal.

Hannibal was at the piano when Will came in with the mail. He tossed out flyers for places they wouldn't visit and applications for cards for which they wouldn't apply. Once his hands were empty, Will joined Hannibal on the bench. He watched his husband's elegant fingers dance across the keys. Hannibal didn't stop his playing to speak to Will.

"Abigail would like for you to go with her to apply at the haunted house."

"Would you like me to go with her to apply?"

"Of course, "

Will ran his fingers over the back of Hannibal's neck and up into the ashy blonde hair. He leaned in to kiss the top of his head.

Abigail was upstairs trying on different sweaters and blouses, to decide what would make the best impression. A knowing smile crept onto her face as she changed her outfit plan completely. She reached into her closet and pulled out a flowing red gown that she had thought that she would wear, but in reality, it just took up closet space. Abigail went to her bathroom, fetched red liner for her eyes, and worked with a pale cream to use as a foundation, making her even more haunting. The red liner she brought out in thick lines around her light eyes. She painted her lips in crimson gloss and applied some fake blood to the corners of her mouth.

When she came into the living room, Will smiled and examined Abigail's wicked vampire look. After taking it, all in he said "I like it," He took his daughter by the hand and then wrapped her in his arms, and they walked over to the haunted house. Abigail went to the ticket booth, and they called for a manager on their radio. Soon a petite person with short bouncy firey red hair and a big smile approached Abigail. Will stepped back and read and reread the sign that hung in front of the ticket booth. The manager asked Abigail some questions about her age, what kind of hours she would be available over the haunt season.

Once Abigail had finished her interview, she joined Will, standing next to the concession stand. The smell of freshly fried pumpkin and apple pies filled the air. Abigail's face lit up when she saw the pumpkin spice funnel cake. It was dusted with powdered sugar and topped with a mound of whip cream and sprinkled with pumpkin spice.

"Dad?" Abigail said

"Yes, we're getting one, Abby," Will replied with a chuckle.

"Thank you for giving me space for my interview. I'm sure Dad expected you to interrogate and intimidate them. I'll get us some napkins and a table, Ok?"

"No, Abigail, you're a working woman now. We'll get one for Dad too and celebrate the occasion. "

"Dad won't eat that. "

"Then we'll split it. Hannibal can eat it or let us overeat. Either way, it will be a pleasure."

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